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THE NEW VOW.

Ike, '15.

Do you remember, Elvino,
Those dream-gilt hours of long ago,
By dim and mystic Aden?
How we sat alone at even,
Saw the stars all creep to heaven,
You and I?
Thou dost, I know.
To me 'twas only yester-morn
Those days we wandered hand in hand
Upon the dunes of golden sand,
And by that droning, soulful river
That snaked its lazy way forever to the sea.
Do you remember?

Ah, 'twas a mirrored land of dreams
Amid enchanted isles and streams—
Those halcyon days of yore;
Mirage of fools' bliss, 'tis but true,
We followed ghosts of magic hue,
You and I,
We know to rue.
But what care we that time has flown,
That we have somewhat older grown,
When 'pon thy radiant brow doth glow
A care-born halo of enduring love?
What care I when this I know,
That thou art still my Elvino?

THE TRAGEDY OF LIMITATION,

J. Leonard King, Jr., '13.

THE "Henson Place" is a cozy little farm, situated in the western part of Virginia. The farm is small, but productive. The cottage, which served as a home for the Scotchman, his invalid wife, and only son, stands in almost the exact centre of the farm. To the rear the mountains rise, solemn and grim; in front the public highway, a winding red road, marks the boundary line of this plantation. It is a cozy spot for a home, and, over all, there is an air of quiet contentment. To the nervous business man from the city it seems a haven of rest and peace.

Donald Henson and his son, John, were better farmers than the average in that neighborhood. They worked hard, and managed to wring from the soil a respectable living. The work this year had been harder than usual, and the crops were better. The Scotchman and his boy were now finishing the last big task of the season.

Until late on this September day they labored, father and son, side by side. They formed an attractive picture as they worked, silently, and like two machines. The son, a tall, robust lad of twenty summers, furnished a striking contrast to the short and wrinkled Scotchman. A student of human nature could see on the father the mark of the soil. He was a sturdy farmer, nothing more. Don. Henson had spent practically his whole life on this farm. He had slaved all his life, and to what avail? Well, he had a happy home. He wished to live and die here. The pet hope which he cherished, above all others, was that John would stay with him there, and carry on the work when he was gone. The thought that John would ever care to do anything else had never disturbed the mind of this simple Scotchman.

Their work on this September day kept the two men near the public road which led by their farm. Having their backs turned that way, they did not notice a buggy coming slowly along the road. It stopped opposite them, and a well-known voice yelled, "Hello, John!"

John turned, and saw that it was Dick Daughtrey.

"Hello, Dick, old boy! I'm glad to see you. Won't you drive in and stay a while? I'm about through work anyway. So we'll go on to the house together."

"No, thank you, John. I have only a minute to stay. I just came up to tell you good-bye. I'm going back to college to-night, you know."

"Oh, yes! That's so. Well, I'm sorry to see you go, Dick, for it is lonely here when so many of the young people have gone away. But I wish you much success. This is your last year, isn't it?"

"Yes, I hope so. Well, good-bye, old chap; take care of yourself, and let a fellow hear from you once in a while."

"All right, Dick. I'm not strong on letter-writing, but I'll try to keep you posted on how things are going in these parts."

They wrung each other's hand, and Dick said, in his friendly way, "John, I wish you were going with me."

"Thank you, Dick. I do, too. But—well I suppose that kind of a life is not for me."

Dick turned his horse around and drove away, waving a farewell to John as he turned a curve in the road.

John stood for some time after the vehicle had disappeared around the corner, looking after it and thinking. The idea that he would ever go to college had barely occurred to him before, and then it was a passing thought; but to-day it seemed different. A great longing to get out there in that world about which he had heard so much welled up in him. For once in his life he began to grow dissatisfied with his life here on the farm. As he thought of it, the work seemed mean and lowly, devoid of many things which enrich and beautify life. A vision of a greater and a more useful life began to stretch out before him. He thought about all these things as he went to the house with his father. He lay awake far into that night, thinking about the possibility of his ever going to college. On that September day the great hunger began, for the first time, to assert itself.

The next morning he mentioned his desire to Don. The Scotchman was grieved more than he let the boy see, for he didn't believe in these "edicated folks." But he did not oppose the

proposition. He loved this boy, and wanted him to be happy. There were many difficulties to surmount, however, before John could go. They didn't have money enough, and, besides, John was not prepared for college. Nevertheless, the first day of October found John Henson enrolled as a freshman in the Drewesville Academy. The preparation had begun. The required number of units must be obtained before he could enter college.

During the two years he spent in the Academy he worked religiously. He was not considered bright—in fact, some of the professors had to smother their conscience a little in order to put him through. He had been to school very little, and knew almost nothing about a method of study. Consequently, his efforts were not entirely successful.

The chief thing about his stay in the Academy is the development of his ambition. What was at first a vague desire had now become a fixed and definite hope. Almost unconsciously, his whole soul was longing for a place among those who were doing something to direct the great movements of the time. Often, during these two years, he would sit for hours, dreaming dreams, and seeing visions of the great work awaiting him.

After he had finished the work at the Academy the next step was college. The father and mother tried to persuade him not to go. They needed him at home, and John knew it. But they were talking to a man who had had a vision. They talked in vain. He went to college.

The first year in college was unsatisfactory. The work was more difficult. The percentage of bright students was larger here than in the Academy. John showed his ignorance on many occasions, and was laughed at by the others. This, of course, was a source of great annoyance to him. He worked very hard; but it seemed that his mind could not retain the facts. He failed on one of his classes. This crushed him completely. It was as if a knife had pierced his very soul. The smarter men in college joked him about flunking such an easy ticket, and every word they said sank deep into his sensitive soul, leaving it seered and bleeding. But this only made him work the harder, and, through it all, he clung tenaciously to his determination to make good. He would fight his way up through all the obstacles.

His ambition had now become insatiable. He must struggle on; he could not drop back into the old life.

The next two years passed like a hideous dream. It was an up-hill struggle all the way. As he went higher the more difficult it was for John to keep up with the class. When he failed on two classes during the second year the gentleman who had lent him money began to fear that John was wasting his time. He wrote the poor boy about it. This nearly broke the lad's heart; but he would not give up. He persuaded his benefactor to try him one more year. This was done.

So now he is in college for his third year. Some of the fellows who entered with him are seniors now, and he—well, he is almost as far from that as he ever was. But he will not give up. That greater life of usefulness seems more alluring to him now than it has ever done. The simple life on the farm seems small and insignificant. It is all right; but what does it all amount to? You live and die, and people never know you've lived. His soul yearned for something bigger, something nobler. He had dreamed dreams, and they were so beautiful, so fascinating, that he was drunk with the desire to realize them.

During this third year he worked frantically, almost madly. He worked until it seemed that he must break down. His body could not stand the strain much longer. And all to no avail. His work was an utter failure. Then, for the first time, John seemed to realize his limitations. He saw, at last, that his father was right—the farm was the place for him. He had failed, and failed miserably. He was beaten, and he knew he was beaten. When he first saw this it nearly killed him. Dead hopes, ungratified aspirations, dreams that had never been realized, rose up before him like gaunt spectres, and he could not rest. He was almost beside himself, wild, frantic. It was as if his dearest friend had died. The grave of dead hopes is really as heart-rending as the grave of a dead friend. The things that might have been; the things that cannot be.

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Another September has come. Six years have passed since that afternoon when Dick told John "good-bye" and left for college. The country has changed very little during that time.

This evening is just like that one six years ago. Some one is driving slowly up the road that leads by the Henson place. In the buggy are two men—Dr. Dick Daughtrey and his younger brother. The younger brother is just starting for college. As they pass the Henson place they see, far across the field, a man stooped over his plow. The man with the buried hopes and empty dreams has returned to his native soil—has come back within his limits.

LA ROSE ET LA TOMB.

(*Hugo.*)

To a rose the dark grave said,
"With the tears the dawn has shed
What do you, lovers' bloom?"
In her turn the rose replied,
"With those in thy gulf so wide
What do you, somber tomb?
From the dawn's tears in my heart
I a perfume sweet impart,
In the shadow of the night."
"Plaintive flower," the tomb said, "see,
Of each soul that comes to me
I create an angel bright."

H.

WHEN THEORY FAILED.

Virginia Lee Crump, '14.

HOW quickly the time passed! Just think, to-morrow would be my time to teach a class. When I first started in the training school it seemed as if my turn would never come. But now it had come, and all too soon for me. I was to teach the Spanish-American War to a 7 B Grade class. Well, one consolation was that the children were older than those which some of the girls had had to teach, and I thought, perhaps, they would pay better attention; for they were going to leave the grammar school in about two months, and probably knew that they had no time to waste.

My teacher had told us, over and over again, to always read widely on a subject before trying to teach it. Well, I did not have much time, but I would do the best I could. I managed to find two books on the subject besides the text-book the children were using. I read them both very carefully—or, rather, as carefully as I could—for my mind was full of to-morrow, and I was wondering if every one felt that way the first time they taught. I had held classes, but that was different. Then I remembered that the last time I had held a class that it had been the graduating class at the High School. All I had had to do was to sit at the desk to see that the pupils studied, but, somehow, I could not control them. Perhaps I was not dignified. But reflections were not consoling; I had work before me now.

"The next thing to do is to divide the subject into the five different steps." I thought that I would make two days of it. On the first day I would take only the first two steps, and leave the other three for the next day. But what could I use for the "Preparation"? "You know you must lead up gradually to the subject." Yes, I knew, but how could I do it? Suddenly I had an inspiration. I would start with the Revolutionary War, and show how affairs in the island of Cuba resembled those in the thirteen colonies—how we had fought for our freedom and had gained it, and how the Cubans were then trying to gain

their freedom from Spain. For the "Presentation" I would tell them just what was going on in Cuba, what the United States thought about it, and end up for that day by assigning a lesson for the following day. Then I decided I would not bother preparing very much of the next day's lesson until I found out how I succeeded the first day. But still I made out a general plan of attack for the second lesson. Then I remembered that I must "ask them everything that it was reasonable to suppose they knew," and that I "must not tell them too much, or they would think there was no need to study the lesson that I should assign." Well, before I stopped, I even decided on just what I would ask, and what I would tell them.

The next morning I attended my classes at the Normal, but I was so excited, thinking about my teaching, that I did not answer any of my lessons correctly. I wondered if every teacher went over every lesson like I did that one. No; that was impossible. For, suppose they had six lessons to teach in one day, then every minute that they were not teaching they would have to spend preparing their lessons.

At last it was time to begin to teach. I went into the room, and asked the first question. Nearly every hand in the room went up. Finally, I managed to call on one of the boys. He said something, but I have no idea whether it was right or wrong. I kept on asking questions and talking, until soon I had partly recovered from the shock. Several times the children laughed at what I said, but, in a few minutes, they seemed to be sorry for me, and stopped laughing. Then I felt better; still it was not like what I had expected. Some questions I never had the opportunity to ask, and others I had to make up on the spur of the moment. Then I did not say just what I thought I was going to say—left out things here and added things there. I had forgotten that the children would have a right to ask me any question they wanted to, and I would be expected to answer it.

After everything had quieted down I seemed to be perfectly at home, and could almost imagine that I had been teaching all of my life. I did not have to stop and think to what step each question belonged. There was no straight line drawn between the "Preparation" and "Presentation." The "Presentation"

grew naturally out of the "Preparation." In fact, before the lesson was over I could hardly realize that I was trying to teach the same lesson for which I had been making such extraordinary plans the evening before.

When my time was up I calmly made my assignment for the next day's lesson. I knew the children were relieved, as well as the teacher, and I was glad that that time had passed away, never to return.

THE GAMESTERS.

With Apologies to Poe(ker).

Once upon a midnight dreary
I was feeling kinder weary,
For I'd lost about ten dollars, or perhaps a little more,
Fooling with some darned old poker
I'd been playing at a smoker,
When four aces and a joker gathered in my little store,
Only this and five bucks more.

II.

Ah, distinctly I remember,
'Twas the nineteenth of December,
When my kings full 'gainst those aces lost me shekels by the score.
Eagerly I sought to borrow from somebody, till the morrow,
Coin enough to let me win with, just to keep from feeling sore,
Only this and nothing more.

III.

Suddenly the sad, uncertain rustling of the faded curtain
Filled me, thrilled me, with fantastic terrors never felt before.
"Bet it's Booty," some one shivered,
And I know I turned white-livered
As I jumped in bed and covered, and did my best to snore,
But I really watched the door.

IV.

Presently my soul grew stronger; hesitating then no longer,
"Come in," called I, loud and clearly,
As I started for the door,
And it took six seconds nearly
For that whole blamed bunch to queerly
Hide themselves beneath the drapery of my couch upon the floor.
Boaty! Poker—nevermore!

THE GENTLEMAN.

Jesse Clarion Duke, '14.

TWO months ago James Madison Leigh, from Virginia, arrived in New York, and, after reporting to the National Steel Bank, where he was to begin his banking career, started out to get acquainted with the city. With four holidays before his work would start, and about two hundred dollars in his pockets, he began a search for what pleasures the metropolis had to offer. He engaged two rooms in an apartment house, near Columbia University, and thus securing an anchorage, so to speak, he selected a list of places of interest which he wanted to visit, and then applied his system, as he called it. This system consisted in asking a policeman for directions as to how to reach such and such a place, and, when he arrived there, he would inquire of another guardian of the law as to how to get to the next place on his list, and so on until midnight, when he would find out the way back to his apartment. He would reach his rooms thoroughly tired, but proud of the fact that he could go anywhere he wanted to in the great city without being lost.

One day he forgot to take his apartment key with him, and, accordingly, found himself locked out. There was nothing else to do but ring the electric bell, and hope that some one would hear it and let him in. A young man opened the door in response to his summons, and, naturally, under the circumstances, made himself acquainted with the new-comer. Walter Duryea, Leigh's new friend, was from up-State, but had been in the city long enough to know most of "the ropes," as he confided to Leigh. They exchanged histories and views on different topics, and Duryea gave the other a number of "pointers" about the workings of the city and its inhabitants, which filled his listener with admiration for and a little awe of New York City.

Duryea took the Southerner in hand, and initiated him into all the various aspects of metropolitan life, and, for a while, Leigh was certainly having a good time. He was quite a likable chap,

and became very popular amongst his fellow clerks at the bank, as well as with the young men to whom Duryea introduced him. In a reaction against the excessive deadness to which he was accustomed in his far-away Southern town, he "went the limit," and engaged in nearly every form of dissipation which his Southern morality condemned. In the jolly company he now moved in he learned to gamble, swear, drink, and carouse like his associates. The first time Leigh got drunk was over on the East Side, in a little Hungarian restaurant, at a little supper with Duryea and some students from the University. The wine had little effect on the others, but it set his blood tingling, and he became rather hilarious. After singing some of his quaint "nigger" songs for them, which amused the people in the place very much, he wanted to turn some hand-springs on the floor, but Duryea decided things were getting too gay, and the company broke up.

As fate would have it, Mary Haughton, a pretty blue-eyed South Carolinian, saw Duryea take Leigh up to his rooms, and she felt sorry for the handsome "weakling," as she dubbed the Virginian. She had seen him several times, and admired his distinctively Southern air, black hair, large brown eyes, and broad, classic forehead, and they were the only people in the apartment house from the South. She did want to meet him, but, after this, she didn't care to have anything to do with a drunkard.

She was writing a letter in the lobby, about 10 o'clock one night, several weeks later, when Leigh came in with flushed face and unsteady walk. Stepping up to her, and placing his hand on her shoulder, he said, with a thick voice, "Shay, li'l' girl, doncher know you're awful cute? Wanta go out to a cabaret show, or somewhere, with a gentleman?" She stood up, and, with her whole body trembling and her eyes flashing, she said, angrily, "*You*, a gentleman! Since when have you stopped insulting ladies, and become a gentleman?" And she left the lobby quickly, leaving him standing there speechless.

Later, as he was gazing into a large mirror in his room, he shook his fist at his reflection in the glass, and said, accusingly, "You're drunk, and you insulted a lady, you ——— scoundrel. You ought to be shot. Do you promise to ask the lady's pardon, and never, never, do it again?" he asked the reflection, which

gravely nodded its head. "All right; I'll forgive you this time but you mustn't let it happen again—understand?"

And when the effects had worn off next morning, he still remembered vaguely the scene of the night before. He was really upset about it. All the men of the Leighs had been gentlemen for generations back, and now he had broken the highest law in their code of honor—insulted a lady. He had himself insulted a lady, whom it was his duty to protect from insult with his very life, if necessary. He could hear her scornful, "*You*, a gentleman!" ringing in his ears still. He felt disgraced and dishonored.

There was only one thing to do—make honorable amends. He reasoned the problem out. Liquor had caused him to do it. Duryea and his friends were responsible for the liquor, so he must throw over the whole thing. He would prove to Mary Haughton that he was a gentleman. So that night, when he got back from the bank, he ate his supper, and then started out to find the public library, down the street. As he passed "Mike's" he did want just one beer so much, but he fought down the impulse, and continued on his way. He stayed at the library until it closed, and, having secured two books, went back to his room. Thereafter he spent his evenings in the library, or reading in his room; and Duryea's persuasions to go out with "the boys" fell on seemingly deaf ears. After several vain attempts, his erstwhile friend left him alone and passed quietly out of his life.

Mary Haughton did not see him again until over a month after the episode in the lobby, but she noticed that Duryea always went and came by himself now, and she wondered what had become of Leigh. One night she stopped in the public library to get some fiction, and over in a corner of the reading room she saw him, deeply absorbed in a book. She turned to the young lady in charge, and asked, "Can you tell me if that young man in the corner is a frequent visitor here?"

"I don't believe he has missed over five nights in the last month. He is so courteous and polite that he is quite noticeable—in New York," the attendant said, with unconscious irony.

Mary smiled at the attendant's answer, and, after thanking her, and securing the book wanted, started towards the door.

Just then Leigh looked up, and blushed like a girl as his eyes met hers. Leaving his book on the table, he took up his hat and hurried after her. He caught up with her at the entrance, and walked on by her side, trying to think of the proper thing to say to her, but she ignored him completely.

"Miss Mary," he began, slowly, "I know there isn't any excuse for what I did that night, but I want you to know that I'm awful sorry it happened, and will do anything you wish to make things right."

She did not answer, and gave no evidence of having heard him at all. He walked on with her for a short distance, and tried again.

"Miss Mary," he continued, "you ought to forgive me this one time, at least. I've never insulted a lady before in all my life, and I wasn't really responsible that night. I haven't tasted anything stronger than tea since then."

"Miss Mary" walked on, unheeding.

"Miss Mary, I never drank before I came to New York, and I just got in with the others, and did as they did. If I had been in the right sort of company that would never have happened. If I had met *you*, instead of the others, I wouldn't have disgraced myself like that."

"You should have been more careful about the company you were keeping. All right, Mr. Leigh, I shall try to forget that little incident, and I hope you will not make me regret my decision," she said, relenting.

"You won't, Miss Mary," the contrite Leigh answered. He walked on by her side, but she felt that he was holding something back. She wondered what could be the cause of his constraint.

"Miss Mary," he asked, after a while, in a rather troubled voice; "you do believe that I am a gentleman now, don't you?"

"Certainly," she answered, hardly able to keep a straight face.

"Then, may I walk home with you?" the renovated gentleman inquired.

With as serious a mien as she could assume, she accepted his offered arm, and answered, "Yes, but suppose we walk up Riverside Drive first," and the lady and gentleman passed on, armin arm.

"DEVELOPMENT OF SOCIOLOGY AS A SCIENCE."

J. Elwood Welsh, '12.

IDEAS that smack of the original, and are reforming in character, gain recognition only after overcoming serious, and often extended, difficulties. Samuel B. Morse was jeered and mocked when he stood before Congress and pleaded for funds to complete his plans, that have given us one of the greatest conveniences ever known to man—the telephone. Eli Whitney's cotton gin, that has made cotton our chief export, was ridiculed when first mentioned. Back in 1825 a man occupied the Governor's chair of New York who peered into the future, and saw great commercial possibilities, that would result in great wealth for the people of his native State, if certain adjustments could be made, and so Mr. Clinton proposed the construction of the Erie Canal. Peals of laughter might readily be heard from cold, bleak Maine to warm, sunny Florida whenever "Clinton's Big Ditch" was mentioned. Time has proved that these men have had no little part in shaping the commercial and social destiny of our land.

We live in a scientific era. It is an age when poets, dreamers, and impractical people have been reduced to an exceedingly low minimum. A few years ago sociology, or, to be more exact, social science, was first mentioned as having the capacity to undergo the scientific treatment. Learned professors, philosophers, and men of broad culture and learning pricked up their ears, knitted their brows for a moment, and then, with one lusty cry, said, "Impossible." But the impossible has emerged from the realm of the unreal, and has taken its place in the domain of the possible and conscious—yes, we may even venture to say that sociology as a science is rapidly assuming a position with the other concrete sciences of chemistry, physics, biology, physiology, psychology, etc.

A distinct and marked difference is to be drawn between social philosophy and social science. Social philosophy is

simply logical reasoning from given social premises to conclusions; social science is the reduction of these hypotheses to concrete observations.

It is interesting to note that some of our earliest philosophers were engaged in a careful and productive study of society. Plato was a great philosopher, an able soldier, and a poet of no mean ability, but, with these graces, he also possessed the virtue of being a loyal citizen. The capture of Athens, by Lysander, the Spartan, in 404 B. C., followed by the reign of the thirty tyrants, left the magnificent city of the Golden Age of Pericles in political, mental, and moral ruin. Then it was that Plato evolved his idea of society that has come down to us in the form of "The Republic." Plato's concepts of a State proved to be altogether too philosophical, and were lacking in practical adaptability.

Aristotle, less philosophical than Plato, but more scientific, raised the question of the origin of organized society. After a careful and inductive perusal of all the constitutions of the then existing countries, he decided that men were instinctively drawn to one another, and society was simply the result of natural conditions. "Man is, by nature, a social or political animal. If he is not, then he is either a beast or God." Aristotle caused sociology to take a decided step forward toward the sphere of the scientific.

St. Thomas of Acquinas and Dante upheld the sovereignty and supremacy of the Church and State, respectively. St. Thomas contended that the Pope had received his commission direct from God; that the supreme end of life was to train man for a future state, and that the Church could best do this. The Empire undoubtedly has its specific and definite sphere of usefulness, but it is subordinate and secondary to the Church. Dante, who has always commanded our attention and respect as a literary artist, was very much interested in governmental and administration affairs. He maintained a view opposite to that of St. Thomas.

Machiavelli, during a period when honesty was at a premium, faith at a low par, and hope almost extinguished, contributed "The Prince," in which he says peace, order, and a proper social adjustment must be made at any cost or sacrifice.

Then followed Hobbs, Locke, and Rousseau, with their theories of the social contract. Hobbs conceived of men dwelling in a state of perpetual war before organized society existed; Locke thought a chaotic condition preceded society, and Rousseau believed a period of oppression was the stimulus that caused men to unite for their mutual advantage and protection. The "Social Contract" deprived the people of all their rights and privileges, according to Hobbs. Locke expressed it as involving the forfeiture of certain rights that were necessary for the support and continuance of a sovereign. The doctrine that the sovereignty of the people is in the Collective Will, by Rousseau, provoked an almost unlimited discussion.

Up into this period men had been grasping at different theories concerning society rather feebly, and with a degree of noticeable uncertainty. Prior to the entrance of Montesquieu upon the sociological stage, all efforts had been classified as philosophical, with the exception of those of Aristotle. When Montesquieu's "Spirit of the Laws" appeared it was recognized at once that society was capable of scientific treatment.

Montesquieu, however, was a fore-runner of his great countryman, August Comte, who did more to establish the scientific possibilities of sociology than any other man of his day. This great Frenchman has been classed by some of his ardent admirers among the greatest philosophers of all time. Comte's great contribution lies in the direct method of studying society from a scientific basis, which he firmly established. He suggested three methods for this direct study: (1) The careful collection of sociological data, (2) experiment, (3) comparison.

Ever since Comte's work, which revealed the interesting phenomena that is thoroughly characteristic of sociology, this science has been steadily gaining the attention and study it so richly merits. Men have always been interested in human beings; to-day, more than at any previous time, we are concerned primarily with the concrete rather than the abstract. Every one has a conception of what truth, justice, and honor are, and yet we have never seen these virtues; what we really delight in seeing is an application of these qualities in an individual's life. All science interests us, and enlists our sympathy and attention to the degree that they effect every-day life.

Some of us are, fortunately, idealists; some of us are delving, day after day, in the realm of the practical; but whether our mental home be in the philosopher's atmosphere of Plato, or in the cold intellectual sphere of Darwin and Spenser, let us remember that we are to deal with men and women of the twentieth century. Human nature has always been essentially the same. Circumstances, environment, and human experience have varied considerably, but at the basis our natures are not fundamentally different from those who lived several thousand years ago.

A man's success in life depends, to a large degree, upon his knowledge of human nature and the manner in which he handles men. Let us pause a moment in our busy study in the college, university, or the world, and examine the problems of men, and then, if we have aided them to eliminate the social, intellectual, religious, moral, and industrial difficulties that have always confronted human society, even though our technical scientific knowledge be limited, we, too, may be classed as progressive scientists, because we have performed our experiment with the most difficult of all substances—men—in a skillful and artistic and scientific way.

AUNT DINAH'S RUSE.

S. A. Ryan, '14.

WE discovered, several days after Aunt Dinah so cleverly executed her little scheme; that our cook, Anne, was her niece. So, of course, we learned some things about her which we should never have found out otherwise. We could see ourselves that Aunt Dinah was an "old time" colored woman, fat and jolly, with something about her which, in spite of her invariable good humor, said very plainly that whatever she wanted *that* she would get. We learned from Anne that, by dint of hard work and close saving, she had bought a small log cabin and a few acres of land about seventeen miles from the city of N————, in Tennessee. There she lived, supporting her little family, which consisted only of three orphan grandchildren and herself, by raising vegetables and chickens to sell in the city.

On this particular day, so Anne told us, Aunt Dinah was "in a fix." She had prepared about five or six dollars' worth of especially choice pullets and vegetables to take to N————, when, suddenly, and without warning, her mule "took sick." This was a dire calamity, for she had only a few cents in the house, and five dollars were due that very night on a cow she was buying. Moreover, she had promised "the chillun" that she would take them to the city, and when Aunt Dinah said that she was going to do a thing she did it. Counting over her money, she found that she had exactly the sum necessary to pay the fare of the family if they went on the train.

"Come chillun," she said, "shuck on yo Sunday close. We's got ter go on de cyars. There ain't nothing else to do. I jest natcherly got ter have five dollars to-night."

So the little pickaninnies hustled, and, when they were ready, they set out, Aunt Dinah carrying eight fine pullets, killed and dressed, and each of the youngsters loaded with a basket of vegetables. They speedily covered the two miles from their cabin to the station, which was the first that side of N————, and boarded the train.

By 12 o'clock the vegetables and chickens had been disposed of to Aunt Dinah's regular customers, and all her old bills had been collected. Then she and the three children spent the hours between 12 and 5 o'clock having a good time. Aunt Dinah felt so happy at having collected all the money which was due her, and at the prospect of being soon free from debt herself, that she did not spare the cash. They took in three moving picture shows, and, as a final treat, each of the three tired, but happy, little pickaninnies was regaled with a generous dish of strawberry ice-cream.

After the children had finished Aunt Dinah counted her money, and found that she had just exactly five dollars left. Over and over again she counted it, but it always came out the same.

"I jes' natcherly got ter have them five dollars to-night," she said decisively; "and," she added, "we jest natcherly got ter go home on de cyars, too!" So, not revealing her plan of campaign, she gathered up her baskets, and made her way to the station, followed by "the chillun."

It was when she boarded the train that we first saw her. Large and beaming, she entered our car, and, to our surprise and amusement, she calmly established herself and the children in two seats directly in front of us. Nobody said a word to her, however, for the car was not full, and she sat in peace until the conductor came along.

"Now, aunty," he said, kindly, "this is the white folks' car. You must change into the one in front of this for colored people."

Aunt Dinah sat up very straight, and gave a jolly laugh, paying no attention to the amused looks of her fellow-passengers.

"Dis yere is de cyar I always used ter ride in when I come wid Miss Fanny," she said, "and I's gwine ter ride in it now, an' there ain't nobody what's gwine ter keep me frum it."

"But you are not with Miss Fanny now."

"I don't care," she said, still in perfect good humor; "I's a white folks' nigger, I is, an' I ain't gwine ter 'sociate wid no low-down nigger trash—I ain't. I done 'sociate wid white folks all my life."

"Now, aunty, the law won't allow that. You'll have to

go into the other car. Where are you going? Let me see your tickets."

"I ain't got no tickets, but I's got de money ready. I's gwine ter S————," naming a station about three miles the other side of her cabin.

"Well, you must go into the other car when we stop at the next station," said the conductor, passing on.

After he had gone we heard Aunt Dinah say to the little pickaninnies, who were beginning to manifest some curiosity, "Now you all jes' hush yo' mouf. I jes' natcherly got ter have five dollars to-night, and I's managing dis yere business."

When the next station was passed, which, as we learned later on, was the one where she had boarded the train in the morning, Aunt Dinah was still in our car. The conductor came through immediately, and went at once to her seat.

"I thought I told you to move at the last station," he said sternly.

"Well," she laughed, "I tol' you dat I was a white folks' nigger, and dat I always uster ride in dis yere cyar wid Miss Fanny, and dat I's gwine ter ride in it widout Miss Fanny."

"I'm sorry, but I shall have to put you off, then," he said, reaching for the cord.

"Hol' on dar a minute, please, cap'n. You shorely ain't gwine to put a po lone mammy outen dem woods wid her chilluns."

The conductor hesitated a minute, and then slowly remembered that he could not legally put any one off save in sight of a house. And so we waited until we were in sight of a little cabin on a hill. He pulled the cord, and the train stopped, while Aunt Dinah, with as much dignity as possible, stubbornly arose, and was followed out by the children. They clambered down in perfect silence, but about them all there was an air of suppressed excitement. No sooner were they on the ground than the children, breaking into shouts of glee, started on a run towards the cabin. Aunt Dinah, however, who had dropped her baskets, and was holding her fat sides for laughter, was too full of her victory to leave without a parting shot: "I'm mighty 'bliged, Cap'n," she said; "I lives right up dar in dat house, an I was jes' natcherly bound ter have five dollars to-night!"

POE—THE PARADOX.

J. L. K.

THE life of Poe furnishes a striking contrast to his theory and execution of poetry. You read the life of Poe, and exclaim, "Oh! what a weakling! What a degenerate!" You read the poetry of Poe, and exclaim, "Oh! what a master! What a genius!" A *man* who has wallowed in the "muck of the sty and the reek of the trough." A *poet* who soars above the filth of life, and whose soul finds expression in poems of crystalized beauty. It is as if some old, dilapidated instrument burst forth suddenly into peals of exquisite harmony. The life of Poe brings us a dark and melancholy message of weakness, of the tragedy of a vessel marred in the making. The poetry of Poe comes to us on the wings of Genius, and is a perfect expression of beauty.

Let us consider this pathetic figure for a moment. He was a Bohemian by right of birth. He inherited a weak will and a restless temperament—a bad combination. His restless discontent and almost hopeless despair were, at least, factors in his final downfall. He, with the probable exception of Coleridge, is the most melancholy figure among literary men. Here is a man whose most prominent intellectual characteristic is a "deep worship of all beauty," one who adores the beauty of a natural blue sky and the sunshiny earth, one whose every idea is a poem of beauty; and yet his feet are in the mire, the light of his soul struggles out through a broken and distorted medium. He is a captive. And his restlessness is, to a large extent, that of a captive, of a genius made prisoner.

I saw a picture some time ago which reminds me of Poe. A lordly eagle sits in a cage. His eyes are closed, and he sees a vision of himself, out in the infinite blue, soaring upward and upward, a child of the air, as free as the wind. Beneath the picture were written these significant words, "Only Dreaming."

Oh! I sometimes think Poe was like that. A child of the open, of the great free world of genius, he finds himself encaged. The

soul of a messenger of beauty entrapped in the body of an animal. He spent his life beating against the bars that held him captive, and, at last, exhausted, he beat his life out, and fell a victim to his own weakness. As Thomas Hardy would say, "The president of the immortals had had his little joke out with Poe."

I sometimes wonder if somewhere in the eternal scheme of things there is not a place of rest and peace for such an one as Poe. There is something almost inconceivable in the idea that his soul, which knew so much sorrow and limitation here, should throughout all eternity be condemned to suffer even more horribly. Hell, it seems, would be too ugly for such a dreamer. Poetic justice would demand that he find a more beautiful abode; that somewhere he might be free to sing in a clear, unbroken voice, the song of his soul.

However that may be, we must admit that, despite the bludgeonings of chance, despite the "slings and arrows of outrageous fortune," Poe, in a sense, comes forth victorious—not in his body, for he died in a drunken stupor; but he atoned for his life in the language of his soul. I would praise and extol not the life of Poe, but I would have you forever honor the beauty and the genius of his work. I honor the work and pity the man.

His work is simply the fulfilment of his poetical theory that "the purpose of poetry is to utter a definite idea in musical form." This "rhythmical creation of beauty" is the one principle that directs all of his poetic creations. No poet has ever struck the harp-strings with a surer hand. All of his poems are resonant with beautiful combinations of sounds, and they are struck through by a vivid imagination. Beauty is its own excuse for being, and that is why such poems as "The Bells," "Annabel Lee," and numerous others will live.

But the strange part about it is that we have been so slow to recognize this genius. Poe is just coming into his own. He was born in a time of great religious enthusiasm, and, while he waged no war with religion and morality, yet he did ridicule unmercifully those writers who were forever tieing a moral on to their story. He attacked vehemently the idea "that sermons should be hung upon the wings of vision." The object of poetry was not to teach a moral lesson, its only aim was to create some-

thing beautiful. And the world to-day is beginning to realize that he was right, and that he proved he was right by creating a thing of beauty. Poe is recognized the world over as America's greatest poet, but America herself has hardly yet come to the realization of that fact.

I have often wondered why Richmond, the city in which Poe spent many years of his life, has not erected a monument to him. Why is it? Is it because we are simply proving the old proverb that "a prophet is not without honor save in his own country," or is it because we cannot see the beauty of his poetry for the defects in his life? Whatever may be the reason, it is high time that we awake to the facts in the case, and erect such a memorial.

Yes, the time has come when we must honor this strange child of genius. We know his faults, and we cannot entirely explain them away. But were he a thousand times as bad, yet would I honor what he did—this sweet singer of America, whom to mention is to praise. The time has come when we should say to him, in the measures of his own musical lay,

"The ecstacies above
With thy burning measures suit;
Thy grief, thy joy, thy hate, thy love
With the fervor of thy lute,
Well may the stars be mute!"

THE WEAKER ONE.

W. V. H.

He came, keen-eyed and fair of face;
I looked upon his buoyant grace,
  And loved him—I, a woman.
I knew not then the ways of men;
  With ruthless tread upon my heart
He broke the sacred trust, and then—
  Gave me—were it death—for my return.

To-night, a-weary on the way from home,
Despised, accursed, forsaken now, I roam,
  While he—but he is not a woman.
Along the dreary road I faint and rest,
  Afar where city lights blaze cold I go;
A little form I clutch more closely to my breast,
And struggle on. It may be best;
  The world does will it so.

ADAPTATION AS A MEANS OF EVOLUTION.

D. S. McCarthy, Jr., '14.

IT is now a very well established and generally accepted fact that species arose through evolution of some kind from a less complex form to the present form which they now possess. Nevertheless, most people have an erroneous idea of the workings of evolution as a process in nature. Take, for instance, the current opinion that the great English biologist, Darwin, in his book "The Origin of the Species," proved that man evolved from monkeys. Darwin never said man arose from monkeys through evolution, but he did say that the early remains of the prehistoric cave man, the Heidelburg skull, and other fossil remains pointed to the fact that the early man resembled, in his shape, the higher forms of animal life, the gorilla, for instance. To-day zoology and botany are replete with the ideas of great men who have solved, by divergent, yet similar cousesr of reasoning just how the evolution took place.

We have Darwin's theory of "Natural Selection" or the "Survival of the Fittest," DeVries' theory of Mutations or Sports, and, lastly, the theory—nay, not a theory, a workable basis—Evolution by Adaptation.

Protoplasm, the substance out of which all living matter is formed, has the ability to change itself to suit the conditions under which it is placed. It is a known fact that the same sort of animals, if separated by an impassable barrier and put under different conditions, are changed by those conditions a marked amount, even in the memory of man.

Take, for example, the family of pigeons. Though they differ from one another in structure and habits, they can all be traced back to a common ancestor. The Blue Rock pigeon (*Columba livia*), still existing in Persia and other countries, and the many different types of pigeons that we now have, were the result of evolution by adaptation and other causes. It is a well-known fact that, if one's arm be tied in one position, after a few years the arm becomes useless. The protoplasm in the

muscular cells of the arm have become weakened by disuse to such an extent that the muscle has begun to die away from inactivity, and so adaptation works on other organs. Long and continued exercise of the protoplasm increases its strength, and builds up the organ exercised.

Now let us examine how this process works in nature.

Take the case of the horse, of the family of *Equinus*, a rather common animal, who, however, has a very old family tree. Have you ever noticed anything peculiar about a horse's foot? Have you not seen how the leg tapers down to the fetlock, and that there is a little lump on the back side just at the place where the foot joins the leg, and one higher up, facing in? In the Eocene period of the earth's history there appeared the first traceable ancestor of the modern horse, known to the scientific world as the Orohippus. It was a very curious animal, about the size of a large stag, like the horse in some respects and very unlike him in others, one point of difference being that the Orohippus had four toes on his front foot and three on his hind. Now the Orohippus began to run on one special toe on each foot more than on the others, and through the centuries of time that toe began to develop, and the others to atrophe, until at last the modern horse appeared running on the nail of the remaining toe, while the other atrophied toes have become the lumps seen on the side of the fetlock.

Adaptation, as a process, works with extreme speed, as can be well seen in the life history of any parasites who begin their parasitic life after the development of their organisms. For, after a little parasitic life, these lose most of the complexity of their locomotive and digestive organs, because these functions are provided by the host on which the organism lives.

As yet it is a mooted question among scientists whether acquired characteristics can be transmitted from one generation to another, some scientists contending that those habits, customs, and peculiarities that were acquired by an organism cannot be transmitted to the succeeding generation. But it still remains true that the offspring always had a tendency or weakness to do and act the way its parent did. That is to say, if the parent be strong and robust, the child will have a tendency to be strong and robust, too, and if the parent be addicted to any disease or

bad habit, the child will have a weakness for that disease or habit also.

Now let us see how this would work in the case of the antelope, with reference to its speed in running. In primeval times the forefathers of the modern antelope found that they must have some way to escape the foes that always beset their paths. They chose to run out of the way of their enemies, and, consequently, their leg muscles were built up to a highly developed state. Now the offspring of the antelope, in order to keep out of danger, and keep up with their parents, had also to run, and their muscles increased both by the exercise they underwent and the very slight tendency for highly developed muscles handed down from their ancestors. And so it went on, the tendency becoming stronger and stronger with each succeeding generation, until, at last, that tendency, coupled with the fact that they are always under an environment where they must run or be killed, has made speed one of the characteristics of the race of antelopes.

Nature, in a thousand ways, has shown that she considers this process an acceptable one. Adaptation is not based on a theory evolved from the fertile brain of man, but upon a theory that is seen in practice. Adaptation is a process in nature based upon a profound principle in the basis of all life, that the substance called protoplasm has that divine property of changing itself to suit the conditions under which it is placed.

WHEN THE WHEEL CAME FULL CIRCLE.

H. D. Coghill, '15.

(Concluded.)

Arc VIII.

The city jail, when viewed by Billy in the *role* of an interested absorber of color, had never been considered by him to be very prepossessing, nor as picturesque as some jails are. But, viewed now from the standpoint of an inmate of the institution, his present sensation was that all the gloomy dampness of all the rainy days he had ever experienced had been compressed and stored within its dismal interior. Concrete and steel, emblems of immutability, everywhere—the very walls seemed to exude hopelessness. How on earth had he ever gotten himself into such a mess? He glanced at the papers with which his cell floor was strewn. Big head-lines greeted him with his name emblazoned to the world as a criminal of the deepest dye. His picture and that of Mary Smith headed four columns in the *Chronicle–Express.* He picked up the paper, and reviewed his supposed infamy. It said, in part:

"While the body of the unfortunate girl has not yet been discovered, the police have several clues, which they believe will eventually lead to its discovery. The reservoir and settling basin have been dragged, but without results. Meanwhile the net of circumstance is being more and more closely drawn around the guilty wretch who sits cowering in his damp cell in the city jail. The prosecution have secured the films, showing the close relations between Regan and Mary Smith. Also they have an affidavit from the station-master at Darton, who was an eye-witness to the elopement. A waiter at Kruger's testifies to the fact that, only a month ago, Regan and the missing girl had supper together there after theatre. The post-office authorities disclose evidence of his having tampered with the mail of the unfortunate girl, and this is also confirmed by the prisoner's landlady. And last,

but not least, there is the evidence of his diary—a mute, though powerful witness against him."

Then they gave some extracts from the diary:

"Mary Smith has inserted advertisement in *Matrimonial Correspondent.* Am curious to know results. A thousand in bank should prove attractive bait.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

"Fixed Mrs. Scroop and post-office O. K., so that M. S.'s mail will be delivered to me without suspicion.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

"M. S.'s mail gets heavier and heavier. Some of the letters are rather amusing, some crude and silly, and all smack of avarice. I'll see that the avaricious don't get Mary and her money.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

"M. S. is taking up too much time. The game begins to pall. Think I'll have to get rid of her some way.

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"Have arranged so that Mrs. Scroop and the P. O. will not be suspicious. Sent. M up to Cumberland.

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"M. S. has bobbed up again. It is very annoying. I will make a better job of it this time. I really feel as if I am committing a crime."

This last entry bore the date of the day preceding Billy's arrest. The paper went on to point out that the criminal was not totally depraved, or he would not have added this last sentence to the entry. He must have had a tiny spark of conscience left. But that he was guilty of the abduction and murder of Mary Smith was, in their opinion, a foregone conclusion.

One of the afternoon papers brought out the fact that Billy had written the local post-master the day preceding his arrest, signing the name of Mary Smith, and stating that the writer was now married, and, thinking there might be some mail for her in the Capital City post-office, was mailing the letter while passing through the city on her bridal tour. The letter gave a Chicago address as the one to which she desired her mail forwarded, but,

on account of previous trouble in forwarding her mail, the postal authorities investigated the address, and found it to be that of *The Matrimonial Correspondent,* and the latter had heard nothing from the unfortunate girl for more than a month. There was no doubt that Regan was a clever scoundrel, but, in his cleverness, he had failed to take into account the genius of Detective Trevaj and the Capital City police.

Billy groaned in misery. If Dick had only been here a lot of that stuff could have been suppressed until he had at least time to attempt a justification of his actions, and Dick would have assisted his lawyer in finding the missing girl. In the police court he didn't have a fair show. He could not properly prepare his lawyer, and the series of surprises sprung by the prosecution knocked the defense into a cocked hat. In the face of such overwhelming evidence there was nothing to do but to commit him to jail under suspicion of murder, and so Billy went back to jail, and, in spite of the arguments and pleadings of his lawyer, bail was flatly and emphatically refused on account of the unmitigating circumstances surrounding the case.

Not a word had Billy heard from Audrey since his arrest. The influence of her family had kept her name out of the papers, for which he was heartily glad. Only a few of his friends had called, and their visits were not cheering. Dick was somewhere in the heart of Cuba, and would, perhaps, remain there as long as the revolution lasted. Billy felt that the whole world had conspired against him. Not a ray of hope could he see.

Arc IX.

The Miramar, Havana, the apex of the horizontal pyramid formed by Prado, Malecon, and Avenida del Golfo (Gulf Avenue) is the hotel *de luxe* of foreigners. Its very atmosphere is cosmopolitan. Its roof garden is the paradise of lovers, native or foreign. You can sit there, sipping your tea, or what you will, and look across the bay to Morro Castle, looming up softly in the twilight, or gaze out towards the in-rolling ocean, bearing the commerce of the world, the lights of steamers twinkling across the foam like baby stars nodding sleepily under the canopy of heaven.

It was a night made for lovers. "In such a night Troilus sighed his soul towards Grecian tents where Cressid lay." The moon, rising from a silvery sea of glory, was sending its resplendent beams shimmering across the waters, and bathing the half-sleeping city in its charitable glow. What a multitude of ugliness moonlight veils! All, all touched by its transmuting wand is beautified!

In such a night Richard MacMorris, erstwhile reporter, was seated across the table from Marie Sylvia in the roof garden of the Hotel Miramar, imbibing mysterious liquid delights, and exchanging thoughts on the problem of being. Dick had forgotten his vocation. His avocation—ah! that was different! This night he was a lover. He was listening, with all his soul, to the silvery notes that fell from her sweet lips. He was glad he had gone to Mantanzas, even though wire communication with Havana was found impossible. He was glad because he had found her—the one woman.

The surrounding palms, their myriad leaves whispering softly as the rustle of seraph's wings, cast a glamour of enchantment, their undertone mingling with the music of the girl's voice. Dick sighed. Only three days since their first meeting. Glorious three days! He had accompanied the party to Havana, communicated with his paper, and the revolution was forgotten. His news of the battle was a scoop. His reputation as a war reporter was made. But what did he care for that? He cared only to listen to the music of a woman's voice, to fancy he could see the answering love-light in her eyes, and to take courage from this inspiration, and press boldly onward to the goal of his desires.

A waiter, envelope in hand, plunged in where angels dared not tread. Dick turned on him savagely, but hesitated as he saw the yellow envelope. It was a cablegram. It said:

"Regan in jail, charged with murder of Marie Sylvia, otherwise Mary Smith. She is with company in Cuba. Find her. See papers for particulars."

It was signed by a well-known attorney of Capital City. Dick came rapidly to earth again.

"Get me the papers," he said to the waiter, "all of them, for the past week—understand?"

"Si, senor." The servant disappeared.

"Why, Mr. MacMorris, what has happened?" the girl inquired, a solicitous look in her eyes, as she gazed at Dick's troubled face.

"Only this," passing the cablegram across to her. She read it slowly, a puzzled expression creeping over her face. Just then the waiter returned with a batch of newspapers.

A few minutes reading, and a question asked and answered, cleared up the puzzle.

"How much longer does your company expect to remain in Cuba?" queried Dick.

"Oh, about a week or ten days. I know what you are thinking. I am game to leave now, if necessary, to help your friend. He is a nice, amusing fellow, and I am afraid many more days in jail will dampen his humor. After all this newspaper talk, he must be feeling pretty bad. I really ought to be ashamed of myself, I suppose, but I can't help thinking about what a good joke it is on the joker." The girl's eyes lighted with a reminiscent twinkle. For, in the course of their brief acquaintance, Dick had told her of Billy's amusing advertising and letter-writing experiences, and also of the joke he had played on the old Yiddish junk dealer. But, until after the arrival of the cablegram, no names had been mentioned.

"I am glad you look at it that way," said Dick, "for I think we had better take the next boat for Key West. A cablegram will not clear up matters sufficiently to permit the authorities to release Billy, and two days longer in jail will not injure him very much. When we get to Capital City, we'll go first and get Audrey, and explain matters to her, so that Billy's compensation for present ills will be full to the brim. Besides I want the scoop for my paper, and to think *you* are the one person in the world who can help us!" As he said this he felt the return of her mesmeric influence. His pulse beat faster. His blood sang through his veins. Now he felt sure he saw an answering light in her eyes. Were words necessary? No! Given such a night, such a time, and such a girl, words are never necessary. And Richard MacMorris proved it.

ARC X.

Billy was seated in a chair with his back to the cell door. He stared at the blank wall hopelessly. His melancholy was increasing. After all, Audrey was not entirely to blame, only she ought to have known him better. He believed she would have pardoned almost any crime he might have committed—anything but infidelity—no woman with any spirit would stand for that. Of course, the whole affair was a ridiculous error—a phantasmagoria propelled by extraordinary circumstances, in which he figured as the fool. It was started by a hysterical girl, who, aided by a bull-headed detective, and abetted by blundering police and yellow newspapers, was running the show. His being in jail was no dream. No, it was a hard, cold reality—nothing to inspire pleasant thoughts. His lawyer had just gone. Said he hadn't heard a word from Havana. Richard MacMorris had not answered his cablegram. His paper said Dick had not communicated with them for about a week; they didn't know where he was, whether at Havana or in the interior.

Ever since his incarceration Billy had been thinking in a circle. You could hardly call it thinking, because he didn't get anywhere. The process was like that of a child whirling around and around, always moving, but getting dizzier and dizzier with each successive turn. His long black lashes dropped low over his troubled eyes, a drowsiness stole over him, and he slept; and, as he slept, he dreamed, and in his dreaming came blessed relief. He was in a garden of flowers. It was sunrise. The first slanting rays of the golden sun came over the tops of the adjacent hills, lighting up the valley below, kissing the tree-tops, hedges, and meadows, and changing the dull, cold dew-drops clinging to the roses into glittering clusters of diamonds. There was a perfumed air on his cheek. There was a touch on his forehead softer than the white dove's fluttering bosom, and the voice said, "Guess who?" as a pair of strong young arms encircled his neck, and soft, dainty fingers stimulated his leaden lids into an electric awakening.

"Audrey!" And Billy came into his own once more.

THE MESSENGER.

Entered at the Post-Office at Richmond, Va., as second-class matter.

EDITORIALS.

FIRST THOUGHTS.

We have long wished to write in this department of the magazine. But, with the realization of the wish, there has come a sense of responsibility which will prevent our doing anything radical. In fact, we feel very conservative already.

Within the last few days we have been trying to find out just what a college magazine is anyway, and, like the

rest of our editorial friends, have found that it is nothing definite—simply what the student body make it. But, on the other hand, we have learned much about what a college magazine *ought* to be. We shall not tire you with that rehearsal about the mirror of college life, etc. We all believe that. The important thing is to persevere steadily towards that end, and, in the striving, learn just what the magazine should be. Primarily, then, we are open to advice and criticism, believing that what represents many is best expressed by many. We shall consider it kind if you will advise us on anything that appeals to you concerning the magazine, and consider it beneficial if you will constructively criticise.

In the editorial department our discussion will be on affairs of interest to Richmond College men and women—as near as possible, on affairs of college life. While we shall strive not to offend, yet we shall consider few things too sacred to treat in these columns. Again, we invite you, faculty, students, or alumni, to write editorials on subjects of college interest. While we feel that we are responsible and stand sponsor for any sentiment expressed in these columns, we do not think that we alone should supply them.

In the magazine proper, in the literary part, we stand at the mercy of the student body. We have very little option as to our wishes here. In this larger and more important field we must place the weight of responsibility on the whole body of you, trying only to direct the energy that you ought and will expend. We want variety—historical, scientific, and fictional. We are depending on your pride in the magazine to make it one of the leading ones of the State. We want you to feel that the magazine is published solely for your benefit, as a medium for the expression of the best literary thought in College. If you are not writing you do both yourself and the College an injustice. The outside world judges your College, to a large extent, on the quality of magazine that it puts out. Are you willing to be judged by your fellow students' endeavor? Have you attempted to co-ordinate your class work with that of the magazine? To do so would be to improve not only your class work, but also the quality of the magazine, and show a decided college spirit as well. All of us have to begin some time, and we shall not pass this way again.

Finally, we promise to work with you, and to maintain an appreciative attitude to any and all contributions. Let all of us, not five per cent., join in this privilege, and innoculate enthusiasm into this publication, so that it shall be the pride and representative of the College.

ATHLETICS—NEXT YEAR.

What have you—each and every man in Richmond College—done to better our athletic teams for next year? Have you written to any men whom you know can play foot-ball and are thinking of entering College? Have you any base-ball or track men in mind? If you have, hand in the names of these men to the Committee on Athletics from the 'Varsity Club—Beale, George, and Saunders. Let us make an earnest effort *now* to improve our standing in athletics. Teams are not made in a day, or a season, nor without the proper material for a coach to develop. Let us dismiss the superstitious "hoo-doo" talk, and begin sensibly to plan now our next year's work. We have taken enough "pot luck" and enough defeat in foot-ball to wake us up to the fact that we must systematize our efforts. The time to begin is *now*.

And, *alumni*, where do you stand in this matter? You are interested; we know that. But are you *actively* interested? You alumni in Norfolk, Newport News, Lynchburg, Charlottesville, Hampton, Petersburg—all over the State—where there are good athletes ready to enter college, and need but a small effort on your part to send them here, have you made the effort? Won't you send the names of these men to the captains of the various branches of athletics? It's time for somebody to do something, and it's going to be done *now*. We want your help and advice.

1. Class Base-Ball.

FORCES MOULDING COLLEGE SPIRIT.

Two years ago class base-ball was ushered in at Richmond College. In this time the class spirit has developed more than in the ten years preceding. This, above all things, has succeeded in solidifying our classes—an end much to be desired. Common victory or common defeat are strong binding bonds. Men who have just fallen short of making

the 'Varsity, those, too, who have not the ability to reach the first team, find a strong incentive in the class games, a keen sense of rivalry and competition that is, physically and mentally, healthy. The greatest benefit, however, is indirect; it is evident that the growth of our class spirit has developed college spirit as a whole. Each player shows college spirit when he plays in the class games, and that class adds most to college spirit that wins the cup. The race is on; let the heart of the racers be in it; over them falls our approval.

2. Compulsory Chapel Attendance.

However much the idea of compulsion may not have appealed to some of us, yet we cannot but note, and heartily commend the fact that chapel attendance, when *all* are in attendance, has acted as a tonic to the student body. Aside from the intellectual profit which the learned speakers leave us, and aside from the emotional and æsthetic value of any mode of worship, so necessary and vital to growing youth, as a source of inspiration and enthusiasm, how like magic is the daily contact of student with student, and of faculty with student. Every college activity is placed before every student. From this arises more unanimity and concerted action in all matters of interest. In a word, this daily, common contact unifies the student body, brings the individuals to a sense of the realization that each helps to constitute the whole, and that the whole should, in a measure, represent a common trait of feeling and sentiment among the students. By this chapel attendance the day students are drawn into the college life as they never have been before. In a sentence, *compulsory* chapel attendance is *contagious* chapel attendance, and, in the best sense, is a moulder of college spirit.

3. One Chapel Period Each Term for Class Meetings.

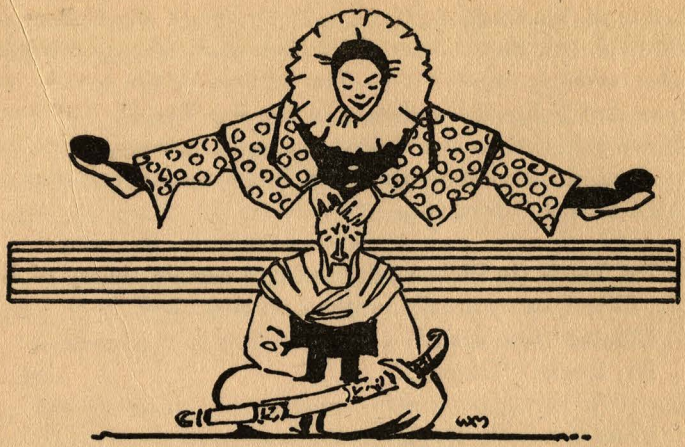
While the two matters discussed above are undoubtedly forces moulding college spirit, there is a third force which we believe would work to that same end. It is the matter of class meetings and organization. These meetings, with the possible exception of the senior year, have been unsatisfactory, producing only desultory results. That is unfortunate

to the College as a whole. Each class is, or should be, an integral part of the College, with certain duties and functions to itself and to the College to perform. This necessitates orderly, as well as definite and fairly frequent, meetings. But, above all this, it necessitates *representative*, fully-attended meetings. Say what you will about the opportunity of all students to gather in the afternoon hours, do what you will to bring them together for any meeting by announcement, by notices, the fact remains they don't assemble in *representative numbers.* The laboratory work, the absence of the day students after 2 o'clock, not to mention the "movies" and other city attractions, are forces to be reckoned with. Nor is there anything constructive in condemning the men who fail to attend. For many of them, like children, who must experience before they realize, never see the good or necessity of class meetings. And the summary of the whole matter is: Let us have *one* definite chapel period in *each* term set aside for the meeting of the classes. Only then will the classes come into a full realization of their part in the college life—a realization that would continue on as a force in the alumni years. Why not each class—presidents, please note!—petition the faculty to that end?

WIGHTMAN MEDAL—ESSAY IN SCIENCE.

Naturally, the College values highly the interest of its alumni, in whatever form shown. But all feel especially thankful to Dr. Eugene P. Wightman, B. S., 1908, now Carnegie Research Assistant at Johns Hopkins University, for the establishment of a prize in science. He makes an annual offer of ten dollars in gold to the students for the best essay on some chemical, biological, or physical subject, the merit of which is to be judged by its originality, scientific facts, clearness, etc. The value of such a prize is best told by the founder: "It is my belief that a wholesome spirit of competition in the intellectual field of activity among college students is very beneficial, and acts as a stimulus to better work and clearer thinking. I therefore wish to promote such spirit by offering each year a prize of ten dollars in gold to the student in Richmond College who shall write the best essay on some chemical, biological, or physical subject."

The editor wants to thank the alumnus, on behalf of this magazine, for the aid which this insures of obtaining good essays on scientific subjects for our readers. We feel that he has shown wisdom in more ways than one, and that he has filled a want in the scientific department that is yet felt in other departments.



CAMPUS NOTES.

L. V. Lee, '13.

With the coming of spring the campus has taken on new life, as it were. The grass has lost its yellow tinge, and has turned to a delightful green, upon which we may turn our study-wearied eyes and always find refreshment. The trees, too, are all a-leaving, for the warm spring sunshine has been sending the long dormant sap bounding through every limb and fibre, re-awakening and reclaiming the life which seemingly was dead. And last, but by no means the least, the spring has had its effect upon those tender and delightful flowers, the Co-eds. Furs and heavy wraps have been laid aside, and white dresses, "middies," and pumps are again holding sway. Now, if the poet be true, and we must, of necessity, believe him, in his saying,

"In the spring a young man's fancy ———"

and all of these "elements" are conspiring against us, how, oh, how! can mere man study? The awful answer to this question is easily found by looking up those tell-tale spring term grades.

Underwood (translating the word "navigat"): "Arise, take up thy ship and sail."

It has been announced that James Howard Gore, Ph. D., LL. D., of Washington, D. C., will lecture in the College chapel before the Mu Sigma Rho and Philologian Literary Societies on Friday evening, April 11th. The subject of the lecture will be "Siam and Political Conditions in the Far East." Dr. Gore has recently returned to the United States from Siam, where he has been financial adviser to the King, under recommendation of the United States Government.

Dr. Lewis (in Phil. A., discussing a certain theory of Kant): "Mr. Elliott, can you tell me who held that view?"

Elliott: "Can't, sir."

Dr. Lewis: "Correct."

From the Latin Department:

Professor Montgomery: "Who was Paris?"

Bright Scholar: "She was a shepherdess of France."

Miss Mary D.'s point of view:

Favorite pitcher—Base-ball pitcher.

Favorite play—Squeeze play.

Speaking of the spring, how is this?

Mr. ——— (to "little" Miss Harris): "Say, Miss Harris, you always remind me of spring."

Miss Harris: "Why?"

Mr. ———: "Well, because 'Blossom' is always around."

The chapel exercises are becoming more popular each week. Dr. Anderson's Monday morning talks on "Current Events" are of especial interest to every one. In these talks we have had brought to our attention the chief happenings of the previous week in a most delightful, concise, and clear-cut manner. We hope that we have many more of these talks in store for us.

The services have been conducted on several occasions by ministers from the city. Among these have been the Rev. Mr. Bowie, of St. Paul's Episcopal Church; Dr. Willingham, of the Foreign Board of Baptist Missions, and Dr. Maclachlan, of the

Seventh-Street Christian Church. The addresses by these ministers were well received, and the student body wishes to extend to them their thanks.

Dr. Anderson gets eloquent in other places than chapel. The other morning he got wound up in Political Science. Talking about the Code, he said, "Now, gentlemen, the Code is as clear and as specific as the *twelve* commandments!"

The Biology Department has recently gotten off a few good ones. Here they are:

A discussion of the theory of evolution was being held in the A class.

Mr. Olmsted: "Now, what is the struggle for existence?"

Crowell: "Eating at the refectory."

Mr. Olmsted: "Well, then, how do you explain the "survival of the fittest"?

Mike: "That's easy; those who live to tell the tale."

In the B class "fermentation by yeast" was the topic.

Mr. Olmsted: "Now, you doubtless know that all substances which are affected by the light's rays are placed in colored bottles, for instance, beer, etc."

Bolling: "But, Professor, isn't it true that most of the beer sold around here is in colorless bottles?"

Mr. Olmsted: "Well—er—really I don't know."

Professor Olmsted obtained his early and college training in New England, so he was able fully to appreciate the following.

After a big discussion as to the proper pronunciation of the word "mucilaginous," the dictionary was referred to. After the decision of this Supreme Court had been obtained, Bolling said, "Professor, *we* can't go by that thing; it was made in New England."

Speaking of dictionaries:

Miss Hawkins (looking in Harper's Ponderous Latin Dictionary): "Say, how do you spell 'garrulous'? I can't find it here."

Bewildered student, gazing at the bell above the library door: "I had heard that the *full moon* caused the irregularities of the tides, but I never knew that it affected the bells before."

"Rat," looking over list of English A parallel: "All the parallels I knew of before coming to college ran around the world, but no one in *heaven* knows where 'Van's' runs to."

G. W. Blume, '13.

Base-ball season has again swung around in full form, and the crack of the bat is heard every afternoon on the campus diamond.

The season was ushered in by the 'Varsity with a number of costly errors in each game, but steady and conscientious practice has had its good effect, and the errors have gradually diminished with each succeeding game, while the hitting has correspondingly increased.

The initial game was with Maryland Agricultural College, on March 21st. The new base-ball park was still in the process of the making, and had been appropriately christened by Jupiter Pluvius the previous night and all that morning in a liquid to which the "White Ribboners" could have raised no objection. As a result, the majority of the players waded around in two or three inches of mud. Maryland had the advantage of experience in this, as they had played Fredericksburg College a day or two before under similar conditions. With little practice in which to get the players accustomed to each other, and playing a team that had beaten the Navy, our boys were defeated 8 to 1.

The second game of the schedule was with Washington and Lee University, on the 22d. The same score as on the preceding day, 8 to 1, was chalked up against us, but the team was far superior to Maryland.

The following Monday we played the Medical College. With Ayres, the young Washington recruit, and last year Colt, pitching against us, our chances to do anything appeared slim indeed. Up to the ninth inning the score stood 6 to 2 in favor of the Medicos. At that period two pinch hitters were run in. Wiley, batting first, got a two-bagger to center; George, following, drove a single to right, scoring Wiley. O'Neil then got a two-bagger to left, scoring George. The next man struck out, leaving O'Neil at third, and the game ended, 6 to 5, in favor of the Doctors.

On April 1st we played Fredericksburg College on the campus, as the park had been taken by the "big leaguers." The pony

twirlers, Goldsmith and Duval, pitched a very creditable game. The contest was ended by darkness, with a tie score of 8 to 8.

On March 29th we played the Collegians at Lee Park. The game was an errorless one on the part of our College boys, who gave an exhibition of real form. Dixon pitched star ball, and was ably backed up by the rest of the squad. We got eight or nine hits off of Denny Wright, who was pitching for the Collegians, while Dixon allowed only about half that number, none of them counting. The conclusion of the game gave us a score of 4 to 0, decidedly in our favor.

On April 9th a practice game was played between the Richmond professionals and the College squad. The team played good ball, holding the Colts down 4 to 0 until the ninth inning, when we scored two runs, and the professionals increased their score by the same number, making the final count 6 to 2 in favor of the locals.

The class teams are being organized in their annual contest for the possession of the Ellyson Cup trophy. The cup was won last year by the present senior class. In the contest each team plays two games with every other team, and the winner of the series has its class numerals engraved on the cup, and has possession of it until the next year. There is plenty of good base-ball material in College—men who have not the time necessary to give toward making the first team, also men who fall a little short of the requirements for the team, and others who could play if they would. All of these men have ample opportunity to benefit themselves and work for their class by coming out and taking part in these contests. This is one of the best ways in which to manifest class spirit, and the fostering of a live class spirit will mature in a vigorous college spirit. One game has already been played, the first contest between the "Rats" and "Sophs" opening the series. The "Sophs" were defeated by an overwhelming score, while the "Rats" are naturally enthusiastic over their victory.

The class teams have done very little practicing as yet, and it is up to the various captains to get their teams together for some good, hard preliminary work.

The winners of the cup will receive a double benefit—the honor of possessing the trophy and the good results obtained from healthful, out-door exercise.

ALUMNI NOTES.

D. S. McCarthy, Jr., '14.

"Sweet is the memory of distant friends;
Like the mellow rays of the declining sun,
It falls tenderly, yet sadly, on the heart."

Charles Philiips is studying medicine in Richmond.

L. S. Gilliam is teaching at the Chatham Training School.

Miss M. M. Percival, B. A., '12, is teaching at the Stony Creek High School.

W. B. Miller, B. A., '12, is now preaching in several churches in Chesterfield county.

A. B. Wilson, B. A., '12, is the principal of a High School in Lunenburg county, Va.

Miss Jesse M. Wood, B. A., '12, is teaching in a High School in Henrico county, Va.

A. R. Hawkins, B. A., '12, is teaching this year in his native State of South Carolina.

H. B. Handy, B. A., '06, is at Harvard, taking a course leading to the degree of Ph. D.

Miss L. E. Engleburg, B. A., '12, is now teaching at the John Marshall High School in Richmond.

Horace R. Eckles, B. A., '12, has now a position on the faculty of Columbia College, Lake City, Florida.

H. E. Owings, B. A., '12, is now attending the Newton Theological Seminary, at Newton Center, near Boston.

E. P. T. ("Teddy") Tyndall, B. A., '12, is the principal of the Hamilton High School, in Cumberland county.

Julian Lawrence, B. A., '12, is at Columbia University, New York City, preparing for his Master of Arts degree, which he takes this year.

The following graduates of the class of 1912 are studying for the Baptist ministry at the Baptist Seminary in Louisville: J. W. Decker, M. A., and W. H. Davis, B. A.

Richmond College is very well represented on the public School Board of Virginia. Those who hold office already are R. C. Stearnes, B. A., '88; Evan R. Chesterman, B. L., '96, and the two new members appointed for the only two vacancies open were Harris Hart, B. A., '96, and F. T. West, B. L., '78.

Tuesday, June 10, 1913, has been set aside by the Faculty and Trustees of Richmond College as "Alumni Day" of the Commencement exercises. "Alumni Day" will be celebrated this year at the new College, where the corner-stone of the immense Administration Building will be laid with great ceremony. There will also be held on that day re-unions of many classes, and a great crowd of alumni will be present, both to witness the crowning of the greatest effort that the Southern Baptist Convention has ever made and to meet again their old class-mates.

Special arrangements have been made for the re-union of the classes of '88, '03, '08, and '12. This will indeed be a great day for old Richmond College, and especially for her tried and faithful alumni, when she, like the Phœnix of old, shall renew her strength and come out in newness of life.

Although many of the political offices have not been given out—due partly to President Wilson's hesitancy in opening the "plum bag," yet Richmond College has had more than her share of mention.

Allen D. Jones, B. L., '99, is spoken of for the position of

assistant to the Attorney-General of the United States. Mr. Jones is at present a very well-known lawyer in Newport News.

A. W. Patterson, B. L., '76, was mentioned to succeed Judge Goff, of the United States Circuit Court. C. V. Meredith, B. L., '71, and R. N. Pollard, B. L., '02, were also prominently talked of for this position.

Hiram M. Smith, '04, was appointed Assistant Attorney for the Eastern District of Virginia. The *Times-Dispatch* says:

"Hiram M. Smith, one of the best-known and most popular of the younger members of the Richmond bar, was yesterday appointed Assistant Attorney for the Eastern District of Virginia, his commission having been signed by Attorney-General McReynolds. He succeeds Robert H. Talley, resigned, and will enter upon his new duties within a few days."

The appointment is of unusual interest, in view of the recent statement in the *Times-Dispatch* that Mr. Smith will later be named as United States District Attorney. He had no opposition for the position of Assistant, and it is generally accepted in political circles that he will succeed District Attorney Groner.

M. L. Straus, '15.

Beyond doubt, the only person who ever looks over the Exchange column in THE MESSENGER is some fellow-suffering Exchange editor. Even he only squints one eye, and scrutinizes the page to see if, perchance, his magazine might therein be criticised. If not, this poor, dry column meets its usual fate. Fully realizing this fact, we have decided in this issue to endeavor to bring forth something new, and, we hope, interesting. One always likes to know the thoughts of others, and what is more interesting to know than the thoughts and the questions of discussion in other colleges. It is our purpose this time to bring before the eyes of our readers the editorials in the various college magazines from all over the country.

In our own State, Virginia, we have selected *The Randolph-Macon Monthly* and *The Southern Collegian*. The March issue of the former has not the usual supply of editorials, the only two being "To One and All" and "Real Success." "To One and All" contains the introductory remarks of the in-coming editorial staff. Though it is very similar to the usual style of such an editorial, yet their "belief, motto, and pledge" are more strongly and clearly brought out. "Real Success" deals with the thought that outward show is not always the "real success," but the "real success" lies in conquering one's own animal desires and passions. *The Southern Collegian* has two very cleverly-written editorials. "Rooting" does not, as usual, make an appeal for better "rooting" at athletic contests, but, on the other hand, it praises this form of "rooting" at Washington and Lee, and demands "rooting" or boosting for all college activities. The other editorial, "Try to Be," ridicules cleverly the sophisticated shallow-brained" (to use their own word) dude.

From the South comes the *University of North Carolina Magazine*. Praise be to their editorials, for they deal purely with college life. "Our Need" is a forcible article, demanding a new building for the Y. M. C. A., at the same time emphasizing the importance of this Association. "The Prodigal" shows the rejoicing of the University at the return of the Dramatic Club. A similar essay, or paper, we earnestly wish, will find its way into our own editorial columns. "The Annual Complaint" is not a plea for support to the "Annual," but is written to show that, although all subjects have been discussed, we have the opportunity of looking at them in a different light. In "The Distinguished Stranger" the editor gives vent to his delight at seeing a fair young stranger read *The University Magazine* on a train. We think that it should have come under the head of "Sketches," another department of the magazine.

Floating through the air from South Carolina comes *The Furman Echo*. Also up in the air are its editorials. We do not approve of this ethereal flying in a college nagazine. Get down on the ground, and give us some real matter that will do us good to read. "Modern Pantheism" is hardly the style of paper we want in a school magazine, although it would make an excellent paper for a philosophy class. "The Man Who Won't" and "Little Things" bring us back somewhat, but even these are almost too abstract. Credit should be given, however, to the artful way the writer of "Little Things" shows how much each little action or circumstance counts.

While we are speaking of the necessity of dealing, to some degree, with college affairs in the editorial column, we are reminded of *The Gonzago*, which comes from far off in Washington State. This magazine deals entirely with outside affairs. "By What Authority?" questions the writers of the newly-revised edition of the "Baptist Bible" as to what right they had to change the old Scriptural readings. "The Crime of History" is another religious treatise, discussing some ancient religious act of Henry VIII. "Guardians of Law" criticizes the actions of the disreputable New York police. Quite an assortment for a college magazine, is it not? Editors of *The Gonzaga*, please give us something of your college life! That is what we, as fellow students,

are interested in; other "dope" is obtained from the newspapers and the theological treatises that we have the pleasure of taking.

Turning from the masculine side of the college literature, let us take a brief review of the work done by feminine editors of our own State. *The Hollins Magazine* would even do credit to boys! It is indeed good; but, as we are only interested at present in the editorials, let us turn immediately to that section. "The Significant College Spirit of 1913" points out the significance of "Founders' Day," which appears to be a day of celebration for the seniors. "The Inspiring Personality" shows how there are always some born leaders, who inspire others, and, it is hoped, to good ideals. In conclusion, "The Man of the Hour," Woodrow Wilson, is given us as an example of an "inspiring personality." "Pseudo Originality" goes deep into the mystifying art of dress-making. We plead ignorancc, and flee!

The girls of the State Normal School issue *The Focus.* "School Property" is a plea for the preservation of school property, Another editorial, without title, urges us to put aside personal or club prejudices when it comes to draw between these and the good of the college.

We now bring our feeble efforts to a close. We hope it will be beneficial to all, and that it will be as pleasing to all to read as it was for us to study the editorials herein reviewed.